

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The Belgian have has a very large and held eye, which belies its nature very much. For the Belgian bare is anything but bold, He is the most timid little creature that one can find in a good day's journey, He is | proper angle; all have not the proper viciousness as he is shy.

the first things that impress a student of in the "fancy" class. the Belgian hare, and, as the Belgian have fad has struck St. Louis with considerable force, there are many people who are

common brother in the next butch as a Derby winner is different from a cart horse, class Belgian from the common one, just as one must have an acquaintance with have long ears and long hind legs and short | clares it is conservative.

white in the proper places, the exact shops I and length of the legs and feet; the exact and arch of neck. All are not quick an nimide, all do not hold their ears at the as shy as a country lover, and as free from coloted coat. In fact, it is rare that a fielgian is found with eighty one-hundredths The bold eye, and the extent to which of these things in the proper proportion and when he is found he is immediately placed

thirteen "twin" brothers and sisters, to suy nothing of scores that are younger or older, For a Brighan have is about as profife as any animal that has yet been discovered. gian hares as there is between horses. The The Strib record in a Belgian hare family "fancy" Belgian is as different from his is something ecormous, from four to six additions of four to fourteen babies being added to the family hearthstone every year Of course, one must have a knowledge of Counting the children, grandchildren and the "points" that go to distinguish the first- great grandchildren, it is estimated that a good Belgian des will be the origin of 134 offsp ing in a year; or, to figure it from the

But all do not have the long, slender a rabbit or a kitten in munny respects. Its twice a duy, in addition to having a lot of Louis are becoming inactifated with the fad, body, much the shape of the body of a eyes do not open for from eight to ten days given stuff to nibble at all the time u because the corner fringe of black at after its birth, and it is perfectly helpless, the first of the long ears—the expense call. After that it is as lively as any body and attractions the first full length upward on the wire. Belgian here raising is the best tackyard. this the "lacing"; the exact gmount of black mal. Six weeks it is old enough to be front, and noses at its neighbor, and rolls industry ever discovered. ""atyle" of the tall; the proper amount of eat, and is amply able to make its own way | Delgians have a way of burrowing when the have is good for food, and its fur makes | been a mouse.

of man, who teemed the truples with fruit

I Esquimanx that if they don't have sense

If he only had a good pair of wings he

couldn't get at bim. Ward laughed.

Qui mane junctum vesperi,

"Ne mens gravata crimine,

Vitae sit exul munere."

St. Louis to miss Ward.

Now Ward was down on his knees, chant-

He stopped. No, it wouldn't do at all for

But bye and bye Ward was missed. The

Lucis Creater optime.

Primordlis lucis novae,

Mundi parans ofiginem.

Diem vocari praecipis,'

Lacem dierum proferens;

haved" before it is three months old. By

ered fully mutured at four months. The Belgian have is a cloudy animal. It is also intelligent, and can be taught to be quite playful. It likes petting, after it has been convinced that it is not dangerous, and will couldle close to the ground and alvidence of dumb entorment.

For the Belgian is a dumb animal. It is rare indeed that it will give forth any vocal point to cause it to utter that pecultur

horses to tell a broncho from a Kentucky | market man's standpoint, she will produce | time it is a very sleepy and quiet animal. | St. Louis now, and the number is being | St. A baby Belgian have is very much like it has hed its supper for Belgians are fed day. Some of the best known men in St.

even to get for under the ground, where ticking and the laring and the white spots | become a pest and a memore of crops. In and the Composit the body and legs and neck | fact, they may Reigians do not thrive in They are strictly domestic aniuntle, and do better in a roomy back pard, where there is plenty of sholler, than they would do in the wild woods or in an aban-

dened field. A Belgian will est anything that a sheep will est. It is not an expensive animal to feed; in fact, it is estimated that one can not a hard snimal to take care of; all it. needs is plenty tof good water, enough feed, a place where it may stretch limit, and enough shelter to protect it from the cold winds in winter and the sun's rays in sum-

scattered through the red-brown fur which weaned and put lote a runway to look out and tumbles much after the style of a it is as cheap as raising chickens, and placed on the floor for her to look out and tumbles much after the style of a it is as cheap as raising chickens, and placed on the floor for her to look at she is called the "licking"; the exact shape and for fixelf. By this time it has learned to kitten. much more profitable. They point out that

at present there are very few hares that go into the cooking store. They are too valnoble for that purpose It is a hard mutcome, and the Warld's Fair Rabbitry, on at least 100 animals in the past week. Some have gone as far away as Boston, to which

Prices range from \$10 to \$75 for the stock that is for sale. But the hest breeding valued at from \$100 to \$300. Mr. Steinhausr, of the World's Fa'r Rubbitry, has a Panbury-Britain buck, Larkspor, that would not take \$100 for, and Mr. Elston has an Ambrose buck, Red Fox, Jr., that he would not sell it. Mr. Elston has also a number of other high-class Ambrose racer. All Beigian bares have heavy coats some 23 pounds of meat in twelve months. It will be for hours stretched in its butch, added to rapidly. There is a vast amount west This list is a tiny little animal, bare for red-brown fur, sprinkled with bigck; all. The expert who makes this estimate desor nibiling draw-fly at the food within the long ears and long bind long and show all the food within the long ears and long bind long and show all the food within the long ears and long bind long and show all the food within the long ears and long bind long and show all the food within the long ears and long bind long and show all the food within the long ears and long bind long bind long bind long that scores 92 points of reach of its fluttering tips. But as soon as of the dealers have scores of calls every perfection, which is a remarkably good

As a rule, the man or woman who sees a Belgian admires it. One exception to this rule is related, however, A lady who afraid of the animals, and when one was jumped into a chair-just as though it had



One summer's Sunday morning to the kind of night it had spent. He presumed early nineties there stood on the corner of the sun had had a much more refreshing

Brondway and Elm street an undersized rest than he had had. At least, no was but wiry and muscular appearing man, ten aure to had retired earlier, and he thought the flapping lines cont he were were planned it highly improbable that it had been numerous badges and gewgaws. His sheeves chased by as many policemen as he had were pushed up to his elsows, and around Of course not. Why! of course not! The one hairy wrist were bound yellow eight sun was the great god, the supreme arbiter ribbons that fluttered faintly in the early morning breeze. A brown buffered derby that went to waste, and, just because was on his head, and crushed down over could go where it wanted to, it stayed where the derby was a fairly good straw hat. It it was ned showed the slirty, governor,

downtown St. Louis of the fire-fighting they could all stay up there and statue days of Lindsay and Hester, the campaign Yes, starve. and torchlight procession nights of Francis | No, he was quite sure the sun had not and Noonan; who of the people who pitted been chased by any policemen. But that and helped him; who of the many in those was only because it hadn't stayed in St. byzone days who by the stentorizations of Louis to make political speeches. Herause, an open-air speaker have been large into it the sun were to do that, even if it was elbowing their way into a crowd to get a the sun, some St. Louis copper would have glimpse of the erator, only to kick them- gall arough to tell it to move on. Ward

was "Crazy" Ward.

solves for being fooled again by "Crazy" was sore of that.

Ward—who, ah, who does not remember: What foolishees was be talking about. Many a man of millions has gone to his the groutest source of light best and newer long rest and his denuise called not forth one that the little mind could grasp. And as fraction of the reminiscent comment occa- goes he bowed to it. As such he beseethed sioned by the death of "Crazy" Ward, it to mine on him, and put life and attempth

which took place one day last week at the into his tired boxes. Some day he hoped to go to the sun. He would have done a St. Louis Insune Asylum. As Ward stood on the corner of Brandway , long are but he had been too base to build and Elm street that summer's mercing, he presented a sorry spectacle, and one that  $X_{C}$ , he had been too biny. There were to contrasted strangely with the ideturesque many fives in St. Louis and the sun knew fascination which had surrounded his per- that without Ward to tell Lindsay or Hesconsists the evening before, when he had ber what to do they never would be able shone resplendent and had been charged by to get a fire put out right. And, besides, no less than a dozen policemen off harrels there were so many speculies that had to and boxes, which labl served him as run- be made and so many processions that had trums at as many points on downtown cer- to be led that he didn't see how he could yery well space the time to go to the sun

Ward had passed a hard night of it. He for some little period yet. Not mutil along had not been to bed-indeed, it were doubt, amount winter, anyway, when it began to get ful if in the last few years of his person, cold. He thought maybe be could find the ting peregrinations Ward had any regular time then. Just at present he couldn't all-sleeping place. But one thing was cer-low the people of St. Louis to miss Ward. tain, if he had been to bed his collect would have been made, for Ward, in his poor, wouldn't have to build any balloon. He benighted and unbalanced war, was a could pay the sun a flying visit. Wouldn't great stickler for diess. But as be shoot it be great if he only did have wings. What gazing blankly at the brewery wasch across | would Chief Harrigan say to see Ward flythe way, it was all-apparent that he had ling along and leading a procession about not had even an engine-room floor to sleep | twenty feet up in the air, where the copy on, for his tollet had not been made,

Of a sudden the sun burst over Paust's and its bright beams worked their war ander the straw hat, nader the brown derby and into Ward's eyes. 'For an instant he blinked and tried to brush they, out with his hand. But that wouldn't work. Then he tried shading his eyes with the small No "Stars and Stripes" with which he had ing. punctuated his remarks the night before, and which he still carried with him. As an awning the flag was not a success, and Ward made as it to move further rorth, and into the shadow of the Southern thore. Only a few steps he teek, then, reverenany sun-worshiper of old, he bared his haif bald pate and began to address the authorities gathered him in after the many blazing orb of day.

THE PASSING OF "CRAZY" WARD:



WHAT WOULD CHIEF HARRIGAN SAY?

For years he was the character of Downtown St. Louis, and his death has called forth many reminiscences—The man and his vagaries.



locked him up for safe keeping.

2 2 1480

As a patient at the asylum, "Crazy" Ward was never very much bother to the attendants, as he was disposed at most | Ninth and Lucas avenue. After getting a times to be obedient. The greatest trouble they had with him was when visitors came who knew Ward, and there were many such. Nothing Mckled Ward so much as to have visiters ask for him, and when he had reason to believe there was any prospect of visitors he was more than usually obedient and obliging, hoping thereby to gain the good will and favor ; lar attendant, and though his responses freof attendants.

His habit of running to fires was a hard one to eliminate, as every time the gong sounded on the floor where he was confined Ward would insist that Lindsay or Hester could never handle the fire without his directions, and he was morally certain all those crazy folks he was set to protect from fire would surely perish.

Scant courtesy and attention were accorded his speechmaking efforts. What did "King William of Germany" or "Napoleon the Pirst" care whether a prohibitive tariff or free trade triumphod?

As years succeeded, fewer visitors asked for Ward. His once bright, if unbalanced, brain became each day more and more obscured and the body of the man showed the ravages of time. Toward the last it was an effort for Ward to run to a fire. Many stories have been told, and not a few printed, concerning "Crazy" Ward

and his vagaties It has been said that he was once a prosperous painter, with a flourishing bust. | "Come. John." I cried with quaking hears ness, located on Morgan street, near Ninth street. At that time he was not known os "Crazy" Ward, but as Frank Worth, which was his real name.

An accident, with its accompanying injuries, which befell him in the early seventies was held to be responsible for his un-fortunate condition. Frank Worth fell He uttered things I'll never tell from a balloon at the St. Louis Fair I may forget them when I dwell Grounds. He had taken a contract to In higher spheres. Grounds. He had taken a contract to paint a large balloon and had executed his work satisfactorily. He was present when the ascension took place and, in some inexplicable manner, became tangled in the ropes drugging along the ground and was carried through the air head down. He fell to the reof of a bouse and sustained wounds that confined him to the hospital for weeks.

But, aithough the body healed, the mind of the man never righted itself. It was his From ever-present delusion that he was about to sear through the air. He was unable to properly transact business.

He had pointed the aeronaut's balleon, the one from which he had fallen, a vivid vellow, and his admiration for his work led him to the Fair Grounds to view the as cension. Crowds of people, the color of yel-iow and the sensation of going up domi-nated he whole after existence. He would paint no house or sign but in yellow. In lieu of his former signature to a sign he invariably affixed a yellow balloon.

our old Ward out to the Insane Asylum and | situated at Ninth street and Washington avenue. Ward made that locality his headquarters, and delivered many of his famous sufficient crowd around to gratify his vanity and having talked long enough to produce what he was pleased to term the attention les remarks merited, he would almost in-variably bring the "sermon" to an abrupt stap by descending from his flowery flights of elequence to dip suddenly into suba rosa

At the old College Church he was a reguquently partook of the vociferous, he was eldom melested.
Ward claimed that he served in the Civil

War, and at the time he was taken to the Asylum for the Insane, seven or eight years ago, protested vigorously against being housed with the city's charges. DICK WOOD.

A FAILURE.

From the Literanism.

More years ago than I shall name
I seaths to win a good wife's fame,
I knew not how but all the same I mode a shirt.

I cut. I stitched with many a tear: Hollowed it out, both front and rear, I carved the armholes wide, for fear They wouldn't fit.

John's neck I measured to be true The hand must fis-that much I knew, I'd heard so off, All else I drew

At last 'twas done. A work of art, complete, I hoped, in every part,

I must confess it bulged somewhat in places where I thought 't should not, But John, the brute, yelled out, "Great Scott! is this a tent?"

Oh, woman of the present day. To you's inscribed this tiny lay, You little know the man you pay Your homage to.

If his "true inwardness" you'd know, Have him your idels overthrou And sentiment to four winds blow, Make him a shirt.

## FOUR TO ONE

tor Youth's Com An English officer in Malta stopped, in riding, to ank a native the way. He was answered by a shrug of the shoulders, and a "No speak English."

"You're a foot, then," said the officer.

But the man knew enough English to ask: "Do you understand Maltese?"

"De you know Arable?"

"Do you know Italian?"

"Do you know Greek?"